

ANGELINE  
doin' SOCIETY  
by  
CORDIA GREER-PETRIE















*"That gal tore around thar, a-wrigglin' her arms and laigs  
and a-switchin' that grass skeart!"*

# ANGELINE DOIN' SOCIETY

By  
Cordia Greer-Petrie

A Sequel to  
*Angeline at the Seelbach*  
and  
*Angeline Steppin' Out*



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By CORDIA GREER-PETRIE

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## Angeline Doin' Society



“Speakin’ of thatar trip me and Lum made to Louisville with Jedge Bowles to testify in his law-suit, Lum shore *started* something that night at the Theayter when he tried to stop Othello from chokin’ Desdimony. They made an awful furss about hit, ’speshully Desdimony!

“Ruther than git in *trouble*, me and Lum decided to bird-work, so, without even waitin’ fur the Jedge, we tore out’n a side door, and kept a-runnin’ attar we hit the street.

“Lum was madder’n a hornit and hit *was* aggervatin’ fur Desdimony to whirl on him like a panter, attar he’d tried to he’p her.

“Lum kept a-wishin’ Elmer Barrick and t’other fellers from Merry Oaks was here so he could go back and clean up the whole shebang.

“Lum ’lowd the Jedge was good cump’ny in times of peace, but he wan’t wuth a hurraw in a fight, fur he had hit on good authority the Jedge never toted no kinds of weepuns, not even a pocket knife, ’ceptin’ a little gold un, danglin’ on the end of his watch chain, and hit was too dull to cut hot

butter! The Jedge was all right, but when trouble *started*, Lum 'lowd, he didn't want no *deacon* fur a buddy.

"Jeemses River! But Lum was mad—speshully at that gal Desdimony, and he hoped *how soon* Othello would choke the life out'n her, and fur his part he would be proud to know she was a-sizzlin' in the hottest part of torment!

"Lum 'lowd he know'd them thar actors wan't much, the very minnit he fust clapt his eyes on 'em, fur any fellers that would strut around in them quare clothes, a-wearin' wimmen's hats, plumes and all, was too dad burned *sorry* to count twenty-dollar gold pieces on the halves.

"Now that they'd got his dander up, Lum 'lowd fur a little, he'd git out and paint up the town, and show these here city *slickers* a bad man from Merry Oaks was amongst 'em.

"He 'lowd he'd like to take a peep into one of them thar turrible dens of inickwity, the Circuit Rider down home had been preachin' ag'inst, fur somehow, he'd draw'd up the idy the parson had stretched his blanket, and if he *had* told a *false*, Lum wanted to be able to tell the fellers down at the store about hit when he got home.

"Lum 'lowd he wan't a-keerin' so much about

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gittin' in one of them gamblin' Hells, or dancin' halls, but he didn't aim to go back home, ontell he got a good look at one of them thar vampyurs—so if we could find a nice, quiet place, whar I could set down and rest, he had a *noshun* to git out and take in all the sights of this big, weaked city.

“I told Lum I hated fur to *spyle a good noshun*, but he wan't a-gwine nowhar 'thout me—and fur him to put that in his pipe and smoke hit! And, furdernmore, my feet 'n' laigs had played out on me, and he'd have abound to carry me back to the Seelback Hoetel, fur like as not, Mis' Seelback would be a-settin' up waitin' fur us, fur of course, she'd be wantin' to show me whar everything was at, and ax me if thar was enough kivers on our bed (or pillers) and offer to lend me one of her *bleached* night gownds, in case I hadn't brung mine along.

“The pore thing had had a hard day, with another'n a-storin' her in the face tomorrer, and I know'd she'd be a-wantin' to turn in 'arly. I hadn't yit heerd the chickens a-crowin' fur midnight, but I know'd from my feelin's hit couldn't be fur from the turn of the night.

“Lum 'lowd if Mis' Seelback had just a-thought to leave the front door onlatched, and a lamp a-settin' handy, we could tip-toe in r'al easy and

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not wake up a soul, pervidin' he'd take them squeakin' boots of his'n off afore he stept inside, and her dogs didn't hear us a-comin' and set up a loud barkin', and hit was to be hoped them Seelbacks dogs wan't *turned* like our old Queen, fur she'd t'ar the very britches off'n any stranger that 'ud so much as set foot on our styles-block atter dark, and fur that matter, she wan't none too kam no time.

"I know'd hit was high time we was a-gittin' in, fur even if they giv' us out and went on to bed, *somebody* was a-gwine to have to git up and let us in, and I tell you, 'tain't no joke to crawl out'n a good warm bed in the dead of night and tromp acrost a cold floor in yore 'bar' feet, fur I've tried hit.

"We had to ax a feller whar the Seelback Hoetel was at, and bless Pat! we was right at hit and didn't know hit. I declar', if hit had a-been a snake, hit would a-bit us!

"We found the Jedge a-standin' under the portico, a-watchin' fur us, and 'stid of the house all bein' dark, and everybody asleep, lights was a-florin' all over the place, and folks was a-stirrin' 'round like hit was broad daylight—and thar was some sort of a *frolic* a-gwine on down sta'rs in the Ratskiller!

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“The Jedge axt us if we didn’t want a bite to eat. Afore I could speak, Lum answered,

“‘Yes, Buddy! Why Jedge, I’m so dad burned hongry I bet my stummick thinks my thoat’s been cut! I ain’t wantin’ to *fault* the grub I’ve been a-gittin’ since I left home, but nick-nacks ain’t fillin’ enough fur me. But I’d hate to put Mis’ Seelback out, and I wouldn’t ax her to raise a for (fire) to cook something fur me, but, if she happens to have a deesh of snaps (beans) and ’taters, and a corn dodger left over from supper, I shore could do jestice to hit. But if the cump’ny has cleaned up the platter, or she’s a-savin’ her vittles back fur tomorrer, I kin make out fine with a glass of butter milk, or clabber, and I kin go to the spring-house atter hit myse’f, if she’ll jest tell me which crock hits in, fur I wouldn’t want to git into her churnin’.’

“‘I could a-whooped Lum fur namin’ breakin’ into her vittles, fur I know how ’tis when yo’re savin’ something back to he’p out next day (speshully with a pack of cump’ny in the house), to have somebody go plunderin’ thoo yore cubberd. Besides, we still had a snack of vittles left in our kyarpit bag, but the Jedge started down sta’rs, and we foller’d right atter him.



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“Now I hain't sayin' hit to brag—but when hit comes to *parties*, me and Lum's *thar*, and our shack has been headquarters fur good times ever since we got spliced and settled down at Merry Oaks. We alluz got up all the dances fur the neighborhood—Lum callin' the figgers, and doin' most of the fiddlin'. But since that last big pertracted meetin' we had down home, 'most everbody *jined*, and since then we've giv' up dancin' and tuck to havin' play parties instid; and we shore do have good times a-playin'

“‘I don't want none of yore weevly wheat,  
I don't want none of yore 'barley,  
I don't want none of yore weevly wheat,  
To bake a cake fur Charley.  
Charley is a pretty little boy,  
Charley is a dandy,  
Charley is a pretty little boy,  
As sweet as 'lasses candy.’

or

“‘Jinny, put the kittle on;  
Jinny, put the kittle on,  
Jinny, put the kittle on, we'll all take tea.  
Spread your bread and butter fine,  
Spread enough fur eight or nine.  
Choose the one that you love best  
And kiss her on the jaw.’

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“Another favor-right is

“‘Swing old Lizy Swingle,’

and we jinerally wind up with

“‘I’ve lost my true love, and hit’s hard to  
be found

Whilst this gay cump’ny goes merrily  
’round,

Go choose your lover out the ring,

And the chorus we will sing.

Oh Miss Sally, soon you must know,

Fust I must kiss you and then I must go!’

“Then the feller ketches his gal, atter a hard struggle, and busses her! We have apple peelin’s, candy pullin’s, log rollin’s, and quiltin’s, and in the fall of the year, stir-offs. I’ll say this fur Merry Oaks, I don’t reckon thar’s a livelier place any-whar in the Nunited States of Ameriky, and if thar’s any fun to be had, we don’t aim to git cheated out’n our sheer. The Lord showers down blessin’s on us fur us to injoy ’em, and hit’s a sin to always be a-grumblin’ and complainin’, when happiness is right at us. If the ’leventh command-mint had been writ, I think hit would a-been ‘Thou shalt be glad.’

“Well, I’ve been to a sight of parties in my

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life, and I've giv' a good many, but this here *frolie* down in Mis' Seelback's Ratskiller jest simply tuck the rag off'n the bush.

"Thar was presint a whole passle of young fellers with the shiniest ha'r all roached back the slickest. Lum 'lowd he wouldn't begredge a ten-dollar bill if he could train his ha'r to lay back over his years like that, but with a double crown and a dad burn cow-lick, his ha'r wouldn't lay down if he was to put glue on hit.

"Them slick-ha'red young fellers was a-dancin' with some of the purtiest, slimmest young gals.

"I don't know whut ailded 'em, but when they wan't a-dancin', them gals was all the time a-dabbin' at thar noses or tinkerin' with thar lips ontell they had 'em as red as for (fire) Them low-naiked dresses wan't fitten fur cold weather, and I know the pore little things got cold, fur I could see thar shoulders a-shiverin'. I don't know whut thar mammies air a-thinkin' about, not puttin' thick yarn stockin's on 'em, and flannin' petticoats, and fixin' 'em up fur winter.

"Jeemses River! How them young folks could dance! And how that orchestra could play—sich quick and dev'lish chunes that a feller couldn't keep his feet still. One of 'em was a-blowin' a sagafone,

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as the Jedge called hit, and t'other'n a trumbone, and I'll swear, them fellers made them instermints do everything but talk! They made 'em moarn, and then they made 'em laugh, and I got so good tickled that I busted out laughin' too. They helt funnils and pitchers over 'em, and one of 'em stood up on a cheer and sung a song about not havin' any bananers today, and when he got thoo, he sung another funny one about 'My Sweetie went away, she didn't say whar.' Them young folks jest clapt and clapt when he got thoo, and he had to sing another verse.

"When we fust got down in the Ratskiller, the Jedge tuck us over to a table whar some of his *folks* was a-settin' and made us acquainted with 'em. I'm awful bad to furgit names, but one of 'em was Bob Bowles (his pap was the Jedge's brother) and his sister Betty I'd know'd since she wan't knee-high to a duck, fur she used to come down every year and visit the Jedge at his summer camp, right furnist our place. I mind the time she fell in the creek, and I guess she would a-drown'ded if I hadn't happened along in time to haul her out. She's married now to a feller named Sennater Clark and lives summers up in the Bluegrass, right nigh Lexington. Her *man* handles

race hosses, and they say he's a-rollin' in money, but law me, hit hain't sp'iled Betty none, fur she's jest as *common*. She might nigh tuck a spell over me and Lum, and the fust thing I know'd she had Lum out on the floor and was a-larnin' him how to dance this new-fangled way, and I tell you, he made a purty good stagger at hit, too! I guess Lum would a-been thar yit if the darky hadn't come along with them vittles, but you know Lum. He'll drap anything fur grub, fur he'd *rather eat as to do* anything else in this world.

"The Jedge had axt us when we fust sot down how we'd like to have a *rabbit*. We told him 'Fine,' fur to my noshun thar hain't nuthin' better, in the fall of the year, than a nice fat rabbit, pervidin' hits tuck plenty of salt. I was a-settin' thar thinkin' how good hit would taste and wonderin' if old man Seelback had shot hit, or kotcht hit in a trap, and was hopin' I'd git a-holt of the saddle. My mouth was waterin', so you kin know how disapp'inted I wuz when the darky sot hit down in front of me, fur hit didn't even *favor* a rabbit, let alone *taste* like one! Hit's meat was yaller and stringy, and hit tasted p'int-blank like *them cheeses* they sell down at the store. Lum told me atterwerds, he heer'd somebody call hit a Welsh



rabbit, and fur his part, he wouldn't giv one of the kind that runs wild down home fur a dozen like hit. But we et hit, and never let on that we didn't keer fur hit. The darky fotch Betty a beef-steak all kiver'd with little bitty *toad stools*, and here I've been a-dodgin' them things all my life, thinkin' they was *pizen*! But Bob Bowles et something that our old Queen wouldn't a-eat. Hit looked like a great big red crawfeesh, and I hope to my die, if the thing didn't have laigs with *claws* on 'em, but law, hit never fazed Bob, and he eat hit down like hit was nick nacks.

"When we all got thoo, several of 'em axt the darky to fetch 'em a demmy tass. That mommix Bob Bowles et had turned my stummick so I felt like I never could swaller 'nother bite of nothin'. But Lum hearin' t'others call fur a demmy tass, told the darky to also fetch him one, and if 'twan't too much trouble, please fetch him a cup of coffee, too, pervidin' thar was any left in the pot, fur he was a-takin' a bustin' headache; and he told the darky if thar wan't no short sweetnin' (sugar) handy, long sweetnin' (molasses) would do.

"About that time thar come along a feller named Doc Hampton, and as soon as he jined our party, all of 'em, 'ceptin' Betty and the Jedge,

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commenced to cough and groan, and complain of bein' bad off sick. They axt Doc if he couldn't do something fur 'em.

"Doc laughed and 'lowd, 'Sorry, but I'm out of blanks!'

"We didn't know whut hit was all about, but Lum 'lowd if anybody was sick, he had something fine fur hit, right thar in our kyarpit bag, and jest wait a minnit ontell he could open up and git out the bottle. They all ganged around him, and when he div' down and fotch hit out, Bob Bowles grabbed the bottle and tuck a great big swig, then he passed hit to another feller. They made the wust faces, and spit hit out. Then Bob Bowles 'lowd,

"'Well, I've tried everything—from wood alcohol to shellac—to appease this thirst of mine, but I want to say this for you, Mr. Keaton, the pup's yourn. But as man to man, what *was* that stuff?

"Lum explained to 'em hit was his famous yarb (herb) bitters, made out'n burdock and yaller root, and if they'd take hit *regular*, he'd guarantee they'd have a stummick to eat anything sot afore 'em.

"Jest then the orchestry stopt playin', and thar come along two swathy lookin' young fellers,

all dressed up in white, with broad black satin sashes on, and yaller wreaths hung around their naiks. One of 'em toted a little bitty gitar, and t'other'n a gitar that all bulged out at the side. Maybe you think them fellers couldn't pick them boxes! And sing, too! I'd like to a-got a-holt of the ballit to one of them songs about 'For well, for well,' fur hit was so pretty and *lonesome*, and put me to thinkin' of my little Jeems Henry, waitin' fur his mammy down home, and I couldn't keep the tears back.

"Then they sot in on, 'Yocky hoola, hoola, doo la,' and right in the midst of hit, thar bounded out from goodness knows whar, a swathy young gal. She come t'arin' acrost the floor, and I know you'll think I'm a l'ar, but I hope to my die, if 'tain't the truth, and I kin prove hit by Lum, that gal didn't have a stitch of clothes on, 'ceptin' a *skeart*, and hit was made out of long grass! She was kivered with beads, strings and strings of 'em, and she had bracelets on her arms and ankles, too! Her ha'r was swingin' down her back, and thar was a wreath of flowers on her head. She tore around thar in her bar' feet, a-wrigglin' her arms, and her hands, and her shoulders, and her laigs—and *a-switchin'* that grass *skeart*! Now, childern,

you talk about hard times, and not havin' enough gyarmints to kiver your naikedness, that swathy gal was the wust off fur clothes I ever seed in my life! I had a good noshun to git back summers in a cornder, and slip off my balmoral and giv' hit to the pore thing, fur I know'd she was liable to ketch her death of cold a bitter night like this.

"And shore 'nough, she did commence to chill, shakin' jest a little bit at fust, but gradjilly gittin' wuss and wuss, ontell at last, *she shuck all over*.

"But she kept right on—cavortin' around—whilst them swathy fellers picked them boxes. Lum was so carried away, that he never heerd me when I hollered, 'You, Lum!'

"I seed hit was high time to be gittin' him out o' thar, fur all at onct, hit come over me that Lum had at last got his wish, fur he was a-lookin' right at one of them thar vampyurs!"

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"When we start home, down in Merry Oaks, we always ax everybody presint to 'Come go home with us.' 'We're pore, but clever,' as the sayin' is. They hain't very frenly in Louisville, fur nobody axt us in thar home, so when we run into Betty Bowles down in Mis' Seelback's Ratskiller, and she

tuck on over us, and jest baig'd us to go home with her, hit made us feel good. The Jedge, seein' me and Lum was right in fur hit, 'lowd that our case didn't come up in court fur several days, so he seed no reason fur refusing Betty's invite.

"We went thar in a Brown Tax-eye, and me and Lum slept all the way. Hit was sunup when we driv thoo the gates of 'Idle Wild' (that's whut Betty calls her place), and believe me, hit's some grand place, too! Hit's been in her *man's* fambly fur five ginerashuns, and the manshun she lives in has got more rooms than I kin count.

"Atter gittin' inside them big iurn gates, we driv thoo two rows of big maple trees fur about a *quarter* afore we come in sight of the house. Thar's a hunderd acres a-layin' idle in the front yard. Lum 'lowd if he could git the Sennater to let him work hit on the sheers, he'd take and deaden all them trees, and put that rich ground in tobacker, and make 'em both a fortune. With all them hosses to look atter, the Sennater don't find much time fur takin' keer of his craps. Whut he needs is a man like Lum to put in some truck patches here and thar, and him and the Sennater could *peddle* hit durin' thar spar' time.

"An awful haughty feller, dressed as fine as a



fiddle, met us at the door. Lum, thinkin' he was the Sennater, shuck hands with him and axt him how he come on? But that feller had a distant *turn*, and whilst Lum tried agin and agin to converse with him, that feller jest play'd *shet mouth*. Betty called him Tomkins, and furgot to giv us a knock-down to him, and maybe that's whut got him ashy, fur he never spoke while we was thar, 'ceptin' when somebody axt him a question. But he was perlite, and tuck all the verleases in (I toted my kyarpit bag myse'f).

"We never could larn who that Tomkins was. Lum 'lowd like as not he was some of the Sennater's pore kin, and was a-payin' fur his keep by makin' hisse'f handy about the place. He 'pear'd to have some secret sorrer, fur he never cracked a smile—not even when Lum told a joke and nudged him in the ribs.

"They had new-fangled names fur everything thar at Idle Wild; f'rinstance, they called the parlor-room a 'salong,' and everything in that great big salong, from the walls to the furniture, was kiverd with the beautifulest flowered pink satin, even the winders! Thar was a big music room with fiddles in glass cubberds, and a pianner that was damidged, fur one of hits laigs was

missin', hit didn't have but three; but backed up in a cornder, you could skearsly notice hit. And they had a liberry full of books. I didn't know that many books had ever been writ. Lum 'lowd he'd shore hate to have the job of readin' 'em, fur they look'd pretty *dry*, and not nigh as interestin' as 'The Missin' Bride' and 'Who Found Pearl Bryanses' Head?' two books the school marm read to us when she was a-boardin' at our shack.

"I 'lowd whilst the men folks was lookin' over the place, I'd jump in and he'p Betty ketch up with her mendin', or bake her some custards, or, if she'd fetch out her rag bag, start her a quilt, say a sugar-loaf or log-cabin pattern. But Betty wouldn't hear to hit, and 'stid of gittin' all the work out of me whilst she could, she tuck us all over the place in her ortomobile, and hit shore was a fine one, all glassed in like that big hearse the undertaker owns up at the county seat. Now I've been around a good deal in my life, as the sayin' is, but hit's been mostly around home. But I want to say this, the Lord never made nothin' purtier than the Bluegrass of Kaintucky. Why, the barns up thar is finer than the houses in Merry Oaks, and, Jeemses River! You never seed sich fine stock, brood mors that's got pedigrees (whutever

them things is), and colts, and cows, and Hereford calves, and they milk them cows with a *macheen*! Lum 'lowd our old Brindle would kick 'Home, sweet home' out'n any feller that ud come nigh her with one of them contrapshuns. Lum wanted to buy a little calf, but when he larnt they sold fur a thousand dollars, he 'lowd he wouldn't put that much money in hit, if 'twas set in gold, fur whut asshorance would he have that the thing wouldn't die on him? And they had the biggest hogs! Betty told Lum the Sennater paid \$3,000 for the biggest one. Lum told me atterwerds if the Sennater paid sich a outlandish price as that, he orter have his head *bored fur the simples*, fur if hog meat was to git to a dollar a pound that hog wouldn't fetch more'n a thousand dollars. He 'lowd hit's his noshun things was a-lookin' pretty ramshackle anyhow, with acres and acres of groun' a-gwine to waste, and the Sennater away off yander in New Or-leens with a passle of hosses, 'stid of bein' thar to look atter hit hisse'f!

"And Betty wan't savin' nuther. She hadn't put up a can of fruit or gyarden sass, and she hadn't dried no apples or punkins, and thar wan't no shuck beans a-hangin' from her rafters, and she even thows out her soap grease! Goodness

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knows whut they're aimin' to live on this winter, but she says they're a-gwine to Pa'm Beach whar hit's hot, and like as not, the Sennater will put in a gyardin down thar. I'm sorry Betty's so dilatory, fur she's so nice and frenly, and if she'd jest settle down, she'd make him a good wife, 'stid of gallerpin' around on them hosses (dressed in the Sennater's britches, mind you), and playin' Ten Is, and gowf, as she calls hit, and dancin' and gwine in swimmin' whar they's men a-lookin' on!

"But I blame Betty's mammy-in-law fur her triflin'ess, fur thar's ondoubtedly the laziest werman I ever sot my two eyes on. She don't even comb her own ha'r, nor clean her own fingernails, or put on her shoes fur herse'f, and she hain't *sick* nuther! She eats her breakfas' in bed, and when she wants anything, she jerks a long silk rope, and in steps Fanchette.

"This here Fanchette must a-been tongue-tied, or something, fur I couldn't understand a word she said, 'ceptin' 'We we,' and when she was a-cussin' the old lady. Every time she come around her she'd say, 'My dam! my dam!' and I'd a-felt like dammin' her, too, if she'd a-kept me at her beck and call. That old Mis' Clark put in most of her time playin' solitary or bridge, if she could find her a pardner.

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She had dimunts on her fingers and in her years, and she totes a pa'r of specks fastened to the end of a dimunt stick, and when she looks at you thoo 'em, you kin jest feel yose'f *drindlin'* away. And she smokes seegarets with her nishels on 'em, and nusses one of them little, bitty p'inted nosed dogs, and she pays a feller to take hit out walkin'. *Whut about that?* I bet our old Queen gits more r'al injoymint in one day than Mis' Clark's dog has ever had in hits whole life, and pore little Mim-mee, as she calls hit, would be skeart to death, if she got out amongst dogs that has to forage fur thar grub, and bury bones and waller in the dirt, and never git *bath'd*, 'ceptin' when some bad boy thows 'em in a creek. I'm the biggest lor (liar) in the world if she don't sprinkle perfume on hit, and she dresses hit up in sweaters and boots! If she's a-wantin' to pet something, why on 'arth don't she git a little orphint and nuss hit?

“That old lady's a sight! Betty giv a big dinner the night atter we got thar, and old Mis' Clark strutted down sta'rs dressed in black velvet, and when she turned 'round, I hope to my die if the whole back of her waist wan't missin', and her bar' meat was grinnin' plum down to her belt line. She had enough goods a-trailin' on the floor to



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a-put a bran' new back in that dress, if she'd a-had any git-up about her. And she had ropes of dimunts and pearls hangin' cl'ar to her knees, and a dimunt crown on her head, and dimunt buckles on her slippers. Lum axt her whut that thar crown set her back, but she flounced off and pertended she didn't hear him. I'll bet them dimunts she had on cost two or three hunderd dollars, fur them things is high. I know, bekase I priced some at a place called Kresses down in Louisville.

"Betty's table was big enough fur a barbecue, and right dab in the middle of hit was a big silver deesh, called a apurn, and hit was filled with fruit. Afore we could set down, Lum rech over and tuck him a bananer. He told me atterwerds hit wan't wuth a hoot, fur the dad burned thing was stuffed with cotton and he come in a ace of chokin' hisse'f on hit. The only thing that saved him was gittin' hit feesh'd out afore hit went plum down. Thatar table was all littered up with more silver than you kin shake a stick at, and all kinds of glasses, and her 'chinyware was puore gold. Thar was twelve couples, and plenty of room fur everybody but thatar Tomkins feller. When Lum seed him a-standin' thar, he jumped up and told Betty he didn't mind *waitin'* nory bit, and to let Mr.

Tomkins take his place, or fur that matter, he could sheve up and make room fur Tomkins right betwixt him and old Mis' Clark. Lum 'lowd he could spar' him one of his knives and forks, fur somebody had drapt sev'ral extry ones at his plate and he wan't a-gwine to use 'em nohow, so if she could jest skeer up 'nother plate, Tomkins would be a-settin' purty! Tomkins giv a little hackin' cough, and went to fetchin' in the vittles, and never so much as thanked Lum fur his offer.

"They started the dinner with whut the Jedge called a orderve, but shucks, 'twan't nothin' but a poarched aig, a-settin' on some black things that looked like ants, and under them ants was a piece of toast. From that start, I was a-fear'd I was a-gwine to quit hongry, but Tomkins kept a-totin' things in, a piece at a time, ontell I felt like I was about to bust! The dinner wound up with a striped puddin' that was so cold I could hardly chaw hit. Lum tuck a big bite of hit and sorter gasped. As soon as he could git his breath, he 'lowd, 'Whut about hit bein' cold enough to freeze vittles right here in the house! You'd better git in sev'ral buckets of water tonight, Betty, fur I'm a-thinkin' everything will be frez up solid by mornin'.'

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“A feller they called ‘Kernel’ cracked more jokes, and Mis’ Clark ’peared to take a great shine to him, and they all talked about the Peace Conf’rence, and Riperashun, and a feller named George Loyd, and his darter, Megin. I hated to set thar and say nothin’, so the fust chance I got, I axt old Mis’ Clark if she know’d a good remedy fur chicken cholery, fur I was a-fear’d mine was a-takin’ hit, fur when I left home thar combs was a-lookin’ pale, and they was a-walkin’ wobbly. I told her I’d been a-givin’ ’em blue stone and puttin’ coal ile in thar drinkin’ warter, and had grez ’em good, but so fur, they hadn’t pearten’d up a bit. Then I told them ladies if the gaps ever got amongst thar brood to git a hoss ha’r, and make a loop, and ram hit thoo a slit in the chicken’s tongue, and by givin’ hit a twist, they could jerk out the worms that was a-causin’ the trouble. They might have a little trouble at fust, and kill off a few, but they mustn’t git disincurridged, fur they could soon larn the lick hit’s done with fur hit’s all in practyce.

“The ladies left the men a-settin’ at the table and went into the liberry (jinin’ the salong). Hit had a big sofy, and a long slim table with some lamps a-settin’ on hit that look’d like pink umberels. We hadn’t much more’n got in thar, when

here comes Tomkins a-wheelin' a little wagin in, and on hit was little gold cups, and in 'em was little chiny cups (no bigger'n a thimble) filled with coffee.

"The men-folks soon jined us and old Mis' Clark led the way into the music room, whar a shaggy-ha'red feller play'd on a fiddle, whilst Betty play'd that pianner. I didn't keer fur the music. The tune was called, '*You may rest*' (so the Jedge told me, and hit was writ by a furriner named Davorshack). I didn't think much of hit. Lum could a-beat him all holler, and wouldn't a-charged nuthin' nuther. Why, I heerd old Mis' Clark paid thatar feller two hunderd dollars fur comin' out and playin' a few tunes that nobody could ever larn to hum.

"Atter he got gone, we all peraded to the billard room and they played a game called 'Ma John,' and I never seed people so interested. Them ladies sot thar, a-studyin', and talkin' about the east wind and the west wind, and bamboo ontell they might nigh put me to sleep.

"Lum tuck a old greasy deck of kyards out'n his pocket and 'lowd if anybody present wanted to play a game of 'Seven Up' he'd set 'em a hot deesh, fur he was the champeen player of Merry Oaks. Betty and the Jedge was right in fur hit, and they play'd

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awhile, but terectly, I seed Lum's eyes was a-gittin' heavy, and pon my honer, if me and him didn't both of us drap off to sleep right thar in that salong! I hated hit, but hit was away apast our bed-time, and besides, this here crowd didn't have no life in hit nohow. I don't want to talk about folks atter I've been a-visitin' 'em, but I'll have to jine in with Lum, who 'lows that party at Betty's was shorely a dad burned dry affa'r."









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